

# "This is my blood of the covenant"

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [May 4, 2010](#) issue

There is no damping of betrayal's guilt,  
The little deeds of virtue cannot serve;  
They niggle at the structures time has built,  
Unwilling to admit what they deserve.  
Even the grasping at the words of grace:  
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest,"  
Become the tempter's taunt, thrown in your face,  
Counting betrayals of this fair behest.  
And still it comes, this welcome to the feast,  
Albeit shadowed with the guilt and sin;  
Strange Love reminds that this is freedom's test,  
And given so, the grace must follow in.  
So there is damping of betrayal's guilt,  
On Calvary, when Covenant blood was spilt.